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## ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR

# BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life - dates, romance, popularity, social and business success only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so casily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours-take my word for itl - no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

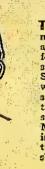
Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly; unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment con-sists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You sub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too -in fact, your money will be refunded





smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less. Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt

specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores, After you receive everything, rend your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept.278, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jurs, packed in a safetysealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result. you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.





You'll Love 'H!

Take this packer for carefree case would for that certain poise which being "in the know" one style gives you! That new low hipfure is a "flash" from the lashfor front. Perky shoulders! Sugar yoke! You will alore its smart distinctive lines—you will always entor its caressing warnth R's called a lasorite Spun Rite, justly popular for its wear for its benuty! It will be your

prop and mainstay, season in, season out Select your Ican one of thest season's latest shades-Camel Tan, or Stop Hed Sizes 12 to 20. Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturily "he-man's" packet of a thousand and one ones that will keep pace with the lastest tempo of your hosy day. Cut for real confort of "Spun Rire" magically flexible, samrify-tailored and shape retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back Harmonizing buttons for looks and wear Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Scanned sides—so stride along as you will, You'll live in it from dawn 'fil night. Choose Carnel Tan with the following choice of hismonizing colors. Forest Green or Luggage thrown Check your size from 34 to 50 off the order coupon to the right.

## SEND NO MONEY - RUSH THIS COUPON!

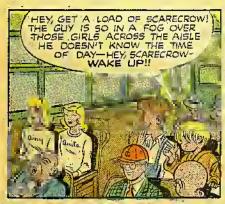
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Whenever civic problems or public 155ues Arise, Thousands of solutions are offered, some of them worthwhile, but many are so general and broad in scope, that it is difficult to imagine their effectiveness; a single operation can't cure all physical allments; in the case of Juvenile Delinquency, many claim, "It is the Parents who need correcting, and the kids will take care of themselves" others say, "It is the environment, the example set by the parents" these difficult are set by the parents "I these difficult are set by the parents" these difficult are set by the parents. These difficult are set of the most not lose sight of the important fact that great people have come from the so-called adverse environments!

There is entirely too much stress placed upon a child's back-ground! What is more important is the stuff from wrong!

In this story, i created the worst possible environment that i could conceive for children to grow in the story. I created the worst possible environment that i could conceive for children to grow in they were not less intelligent from they were not less intelligent from the worst possible environment that i could conceive for children to grow in the stuff that could beat down the server as proud from the stuff that could beat down the server as proud from them is demanded for it! They had the stuff that could beat down the server as proud from them is demanded for it! They had the stuff that could beat down the server as proud from them is demanded for it! They had the server as proud from them is demanded for it! They had the server as proud from them is demanded for it! They had the server as proud from them is demanded for it! They had the server as proud from them is demanded for it!



































































































































































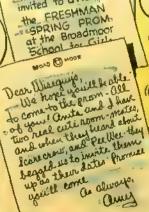












You are cordially invited to attend





# LOOK, BOX

Hors's your chance to buy genuine official and regulation eporting goods direct from the manufacturar at half the prices you'd have to pay elaewhere! (All teethals and basketballs with rubber valve bisader)

(Regulation size) Extra strong. Fully lined and made of genuine peoble-grained Ever-coid leather, flat lacing—also our official size double-lined model for only \$3.25 and our heavy-service, triple-lined ball stitched with hot wax linen thread for only \$4.25.

(Scholastic size) Fully lined and made left (Scholastic size) Fully lined and made 'ef-genuine pebble-grained Evereoid-lasther, flat lacing—made to last! Also our fact Official size double-lined mode( only \$3.4%, and our top quality triple-lined ball stitches with hot wax linen thread with valve on opposite side of lace to insure perfect balance—only \$4.98!

Made from same pattern as real protes-elonal and chempion fighters use! High grads choop glove tanned leather atuffed with clash, air-blown puro hair, strong lin-ing, leather reinforced thumb and sacing etay make those glovas a hard to beat value! I ounce size for ages 2 to 16 (ast of

### ALSO - A BRAND NEW IDEA!

A real punching bag with atend (as Illustrated) as strongly built that even Dad will ure it! All one piece! No hooks 'ir walla need. A.98 adl Order now and be the Bret boy in your neighborhood to own this wonderful innova-

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Wa curry o complata lina of oil types at official sporting goods. Write us far lawast pricas unywharal Just name the item. All merchandise sent with our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Sorry, but due to our low prices-na C.O.D. arders, Sand chack as money order NOW!

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Sporting Goods Co... 673 Broadway, N. Y. 12, N.Y.

(Placed circle year choices)

FOOTBALL---\$1.98, \$3,25, \$4,25 BASKETBALL--\$2.49, \$3.49, \$4.98 BOXING CLOVES -- \$5.25 (set of 4) PUNCHING BAG with stand--\$4,98

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## THIS IS YOUR PAGE

## WHAT'S ON YOUR MINH?

## \$200 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$200

Dear Reader:

In every issue of DAREDEVIL this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of DAREDEVIL, we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime and, second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law, who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD; Editors

We are not only speaking of DAREDEVIL comics but also of CRIME DOES NOT PAY and BOY comics.

As everybody knows, they are the best comics that were ever published, and we girls simply go for them—more than for either Frank Sinatra or Jorge Negrete, the Mexican crooner.

Sincerely, Girls School Gang President, Mary Rodriguez Box 441, Las Cruces, New Mexico

That's music to our ears. Our books can't come out for their curtain calls, but they will be on the stands next month.

Dear Mr. Biro:

As a college freshman, I find little time for comics, but I can always find time for the DARE-DEVIL magazine. As I am majoring in art, I especially want a magazine with superior drawings. Yours is one of the few that has such.

You have, in the July issue, presented the wonderful story of an ex-convict, who became a credit to the community because he was given a break by understanding citizens.

Always keep DAREDEVIL under the same high standards you have maintained in the past because it rates along with the school textbooks in teaching a valuable lesson.

Sincerely, Miss Geneva Owens 821 South Walnut, Sherman, Texas

As long as there are presses and paper to print them on, it will remain our constant obligation.

I wish to express my opinion of your excellent magazine. I think that the stories are superlative and your drawings are works of art. You do not glamorize criminals, but show them in their true sordid form.

> Sincerely yours, Francis Jackman 34 Pine Street, Whitinsville, Mass.

In many cases criminals' true wickedness can't be shown for editorial reasons. Many of their vicious antics and deeds are unprintable. It is a pity that many stories written about criminals tend to glorify them, perhaps not intentionally, but somehow the readers are left with some sympathy for the criminal, which he does not deserve.

Dear Charles Biro:

I am thirty years of age and a businessman. For the past five years, I have not missed an issue of DAREDEVIL. They were all commendable, but the last edition which I have just finished has overwhelmed me to such an extent that I find myself compelled to write to you. Without a doubt your magazine is terrific. It surpasses all other comic books. It's human, taken from real life. The characters you postray are living people. I have fallen in love with Pee Wee, the little guy that acts big. Dozens of my friends are now reading DAREDEVIL. Many of them were once skeptical about comics.

Once again, three cheers for you and your writings, and please try to get your comics to South Africa faster so that we, the readers, need not be kept in suspense longer than necessary.

Yours sincerely, Nat Stafford
Rydal Mount Hotel, 130 Gillespie Street
Ocean Beach, Durban, Natal, South Africa
If my hat gets too small for me it's your fault!
Thanks, C.B.

I am one of many in my neighborhood, who wishes to express my ardent thanks for your untiring and eloquent work in producing the most widely demanded magazine today, DAREDEVIL. I am writing this letter on behalf of my friends: We want you and your staff to know our appreciation. Yours is the most American comic on the newsstands. To us it stands for all the lofty ideals of true American citizenship—honesty and true Americanism in the keenest sense. Wishing you more power for a great magazine.

Most sincerely yours, Thomas Meehan 5608 Hub Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

I salute your crew on behalf of my crew. C.B.

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to DAREDEVIL COMICS, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

































































AS MUCH AS I WOULD ENJOY
TALKING TO YOU, I HAVE SOMEONE WITH ME SO MUCH MORE
CAPABLE OF DISCUSSING THIS
PROBLEM! HE HAS GENEROUGLY
AGREED TO TAKE MY PLACE
AS A SPEAKER! I PRESENT
DAREDEVIL!
WHY, YOU
LOUSE!









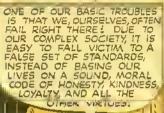






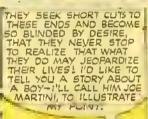


















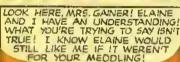




















I'LL MEET HER AFTER WORK! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL MEET HER BEFORE BOB WEST GETS -A CHANCE TO TAKE HER OUT! I'M GONNA HAVE A SHOWDOWN





ин, нин! BOB WEST IS TAKING ME OUT FOR DINNER!



GEE. ELAINE, COULD YOU TAKE THE SWITCHBOARD OVER FOR A MINUTE! I HAVE TO SEE MISS BOLES ABOUT

























YOU'RE CRAZY







FOR A GIRL

NOW, PUT THAT
GUN AWAY,
BEFORE A POLICEMAN SEES IT
AND ARRESTS
YOU! AND, AND
PLEASE TAKE
ME HOME!



OKAY, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME, BUT

I'M KEEPING THE GUN AND I STILL INTEND TO USE IT!











































I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO THINK

ABOUT







BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT ME! LET'S TALK ABOUT YOU AND THE











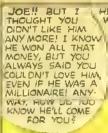




















JOE'S AT THE PARTY ALREADY!
AFTER ALL, HE'S THE GUEST
OF HONOR! C'MON, YOU'RE
MISSING ALL THE PUN! I'M
GLAD I DECIDED TO SEE IF
YOU WERE IN OR NOT! ARE
YOU COMING DOWN?

WAIT TILL YOU SEE JOE!
HE LOOKS TERRIFIC! I
GUESS HE'S AN OKAY GUY,
AFTER ALL! HE GAVE ME
AN' ALL HIS OLD PALS A
HUNDRED BUCKS, AN' HE
SAID NO HARD FEELINGS





















































# ONE FOR THE RECORD

# A CRIMEBUSTER STORY

o THAT'S the story, and here we are," said Police Inspector Crandell as the ornate apartment house elevator started upward. "Five, please," he added to the operator.

Crimebuster grinned. "As far as I'm concerned," he said, "any excuse is good enough to go calling on Geraldine Gray. I think she's one of the finest actresses in the world today."

"It may not be as pleasant as you think," answered Crandell. "Her husband, Loren Gray, informed me over the phone that she was 'acting very strangely lately—acting up awfully, you know—threatening to kill herself and so forth.' So it's a business call for me. He wants me to meet her under the guise of a social guest but in reality to see if there's any danger of her carrying out her threats."

"Here we are, gentlemen," said the operator.

As the heavy door slid silently back in front of Crimebuster and Inspector Crandell, a man in shirtsleeves ran heavily by. Stepping out of the elevator and following the direction taken by the runner, they saw a little cluster of excited people before a door half-way down the long hall.

"Oh; oh! Trouble," said Crandell, quickening his pace. As they reached the group of people, he flashed his badge. "What's going on here?

Why are you folks-?"

Crandell never finished his question. He was interrupted by a high pitched, screaming woman's voice. Her words carried clearly through the door, but the rumble of a man's voice, apparently answering her, was indistinguishable.

"I don't care anymore! I don't want to live," came the voice. "I'm through—through with living, through with working—through, do you

hear me?"

"That's Geraldine Gray," said Crimebuster.

"I'd know that voice anywhere!"

"She started screaming like that a couple of minutes ago, Mister," said one of the men in the crowd. "She's got the door locked, too, and won't answer the bell. We just sent for the manager."

As the man spoke, the voice on the other side of the door rose to a fresh peak of hysterical screaming. "Get away! Get away from me or

I'11---!"

As they heard the flat sound of the shot, Crimebuster and Crandell lunged at the door in unison, but it refused to give. As they fell back for another try, the voice began again.

"Now you'll stay away! Just stand there and watch," came the scream. "I told you I'd do it—and I will! Now!!" There was the sudden, hard snap of another shot, and then silence.

Crimebuster and the Inspector hurled them-

selves at the door again, and then a third time, but to no avail. As they prepared for the fourth attempt, a loud voice from within commanded, "There's no need of that, gentlemen. I'm coming!" A moment later the door opened to reveal the familiar, dramatic face of Loren Gray.

"Oh, Inspector—it's fortunate that you are here," he said slowly, "My wife has just killed

herself. Will you come in, please?"

A moment later, the door closed against the crowd outside, the two crime fighters surveyed the room. It was beautifully furnished, but in inter confusion. Across the grand piano, draped from the huge radio-recording machine and scattered over the floor lay a profusion of men's and women's garments. A mink coat lay among a pile of fallen sheet music in front of the piano, a man's coat and gloves in front of the radio—it was a scene of wanton carclessness.

On the floor in the exact center of the huge room lay the body of Geraldine Gray, a bullet hole in her right temple. Her right hand still clutched a small, pearl-handle automatic.

Loren Gray sank slowly into a chair by the door. "You'll have to—excuse me for a moment, gentlemen," he said, burying his face in his hands. "I—I'm sunned!"

"Of course, Mr. Gray," answered Crandell, kneeling beside the body. "Instant death—no other marks," he began muttering to himself.

In the silence that followed, Crimebuster quietly began to examine the room. He bent to pick up a twisted cloth helt from the floor, spotted the negligee it had come from further across the room and started towards it. Then, changing his mind, he picked up a bath towel and studied the large smudge of wet lipstick across its center, and shook out its wrinkled folds before dropping it back to the floor. On one knee, he examined the pair of men's gloves which he found lying fresh and clean on top of an overcoat near the radio. 'Suddenly Loren Gray's voice brought him out of his reverie.

"Well, Inspector-let's get it over with!"

Gray was standing, his shoulders straightened, a wry smile on his face. "I've been in too many mystery plays not to know that it's time for me to tell my story. And since I realize it's a routine necessity, the sooner I get it done the better I'll like it."

"Thank you," answered Crandell. "It will save time and trouble."

"Well, as I told you on the phone, my wife has been acting very strangely for the past few days," Gray began. "She broke her contract, and took to bursting in on me at odd hours to inform me that she intended to commit suicide.

"This evening, just before you arrived, I was

out here reading and Geraldine was in the bedroom, apparently quiet for a change." He gestured towards a door on the other side of the room. "Suddenly, without warning, she burst through the door carrying all this clothing you see, and started flinging it about the room. Naturally, I leaped up and tried to stop her.

And then-she produced that gun!"

Gray looked from one to the other of his listeners, and shrugged expressively. "Of course, that stopped me for a moment. But then she started screaming that she was going to kill herself, and pointed the gun at her head. I started toward her again. She fired at me. To tell the truth, I don't know whether she intended to hit me or not, but it stopped me, even though she missed. You'll probably find the bullet somewhere in that wall." He pointed to the wall opposite the door.

"The rest was over quickly," continued Gray.
"She walked to the center of the room, said something about 'I told you Pd do it,' and calmly shot herself in the temple. As soon as I could recover from the shock, I opened the door, and you gentlemen know the rest."

Crandell immediately began questioning Gray as to a possible motive for his wife's suicide, but Crimebuster was not listening. His eye had fallen on the robe which matched the belt he had checked before. With a puzzled frown he stared, at its crisp, fresh folds, and their, as he bent to examine it, he stopped short, staring at a book which was one of a shelf of plays in a bookcase just beyond the radio.

Crimebuster glanced quickly at Gray, but the actor was deep in conversation with Crandell. Quietly Crimebuster extracted the book, and opened it with a riffle of pages to a page near the end. For a moment he was absorbed in reading, then slowly he glanced from the stained towel to the gloves at the base of the radio-recorder, and at the wrinkled belt closer to him. Then he slid the book back in place and turned quietly to catch Crandell's eye.

Gray had his back turned and couldn't see Crimebuster's elaborate wink, but Crandell caught it over Gray's shoulder. Crandell's face remained impassive and he nodded as Crimebuster said, "Say. Crandell—what about a suicide note? Perhaps Mr Gray will show you his

wife's dressing table and desk."

"Of course." Gray agreed. "Right this way,

Inspector."

Crimebuster watched them enter the door of the bedroom and then leaped silently to the radio-recorder "Not much time," he muttered, "but then he didn't have much time either!"

A few moments later, Crandell and Gray returned to find Crimebuster standing by the radio phonograph. Crimebuster's hand moved, and in the silence broken only by the hum of the machine, he stared at Gray. Gray's eyes widened and a flush crept into his face but he said nothing.

Crandell frowned in annoyance and opened his mouth to speak, but before any words came, he was interrupted. Interrupted by a voice from the dead—the voice of Geraldine Gray.

"I don't care anymore," screamed the voice.
"I don't want to live! I'm through—through with

living, through with working. . : ."

Crimebuster and Crandell watched, the latter visibly shaken, as Gray's face grew livid and his body quivered convulsively. "Stop it! Turn it off!" he shouted in a hoarse voice.

Crimebuster flipped a switch, and the voice ceased abruptly. "A recording of the last scene in "Perchance to Dream," done by Geraldine Gray—with which Mr. Loren Gray led us to believe that his wife committed suicide when in reality he murdered her," said Crimebuster in a flat voice. "Will you come down to Headquarters and tell us about it, Mr. Gray?"

His years of dramatic self-control standing bim in good stead, Loren Gray pulled himself together. "Of course, I shall deny everything," he said quietly, "but I will go with you. May

I get my hat?"

Crimebuster and the Inspector watched silently as Gray crossed the room and lifted his hat from a chair in front of the long windows. He hesitated, then turned to face them. "I may as well admit I did it. She was slowly driving me crazy. Perhaps when we meet again, our surroundings will lead to a quieter life."

With a sharp gasp of realization, Crimebuster started forward, but too late. "That's all there is "said the famed actor. A flashing smile, a sweeping bow, and Loren Gray plunged his body out of the window, leaving the curtain rippling gently where he had been standing.

"It was the book that did it," said Crimebuster, perched on the edge of Crandell's desk. "The other things—the lip sticked towel, the wrinkled belt from the pressed negligee, the clean, unworn gloves—they all meant something, but it wasn't till I saw the copy of 'Perchance to Dream' that the whole thing fell into a perfect design."

"Then he threw all those clothes around the room himself," said Crandell.

"Exactly. You see, it was all staged for you. He could see you arrive through the window, but he knew he wouldn't have time to hide any rope he might tie his wife with, before you got upstairs. So he tied her wrists with the belt and gagged her with the towel and used the gloves to keep his prints off the gun. Then all he had to do was shoot her, throw the things on the floor among the rest of the clothes, slip the record into a pile of others and open the door."

"From now on, keep me away from actors," grunted Crandell

"Not me," answered Crimebuster "There's nothing I admire more than a good performer. The trouble with Gray was that he was a good performer—but a very bad actor!" The end



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 of DAREDEVIL, published bi-moothly at New York, N, Y., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York County of New York }

Before the, a Noraty Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hannah Schreiberg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of DAREDEVIL and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and behel, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or triweekly newspaper, the citeulation), etc., ul the aloresaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the act of August 24, 1913, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), pittled on the reverse of this form, to with io wii

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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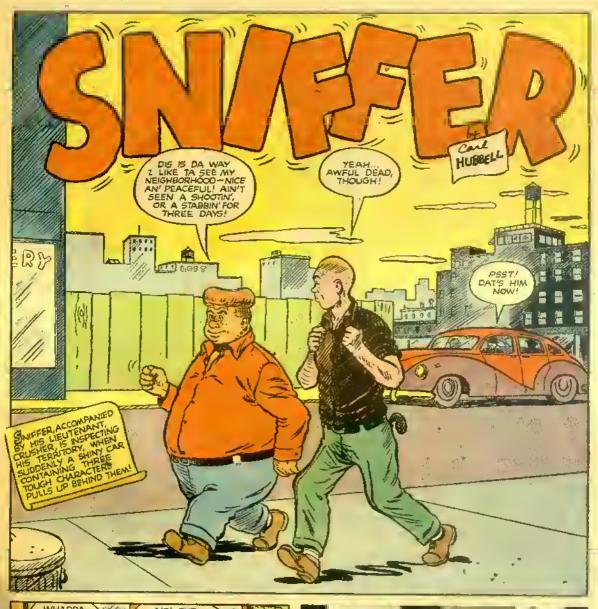
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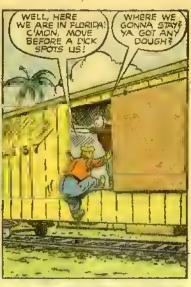














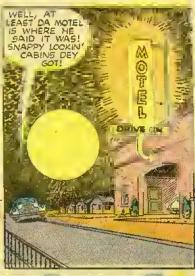


















































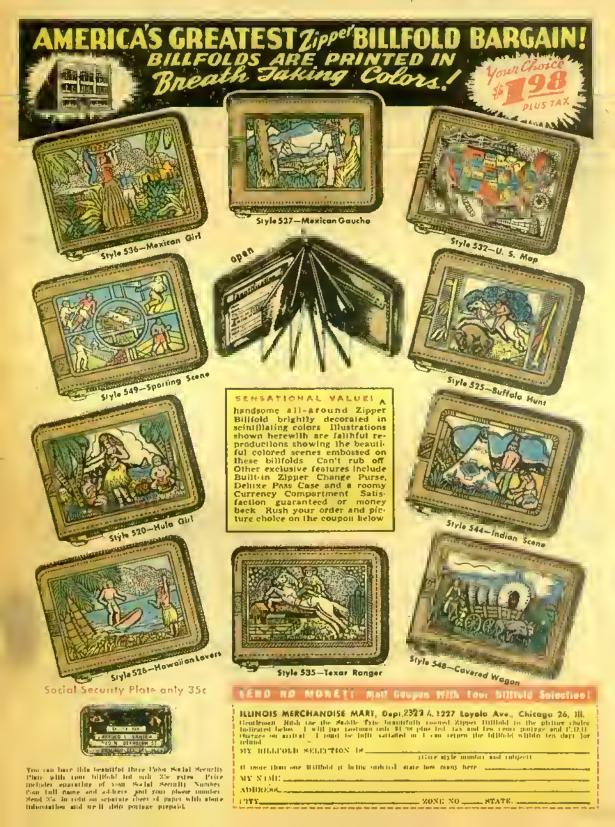














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